

DIDSBURY PIONEER

Vol. XVIII

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1921

No. 3

Special Announcement

HOBBERLIN'S
January Remnant
SALE
33 1/3 % Discount
Off all Hobberlin Tailoring
During January

What This Discount Saves You
in Actual Dollars and Cents

| Regular Retail Price | What this 33 1/3 % Discount Saves You | What You Pay at Discount Price |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| \$ 45.00 | \$ 15.00 | \$ 30.00 |
| 52.50 | 17.50 | 35.00 |
| 55.00 | 18.33 | 36.67 |
| 57.50 | 19.17 | 38.33 |
| 60.00 | 20.00 | 40.00 |
| 62.50 | 20.83 | 41.67 |
| 65.00 | 21.67 | 43.33 |
| 67.50 | 22.50 | 45.00 |
| 70.00 | 23.33 | 46.67 |
| 72.50 | 24.17 | 48.33 |
| 77.50 | 25.83 | 51.67 |
| 82.50 | 27.50 | 55.00 |
| 85.00 | 28.33 | 56.67 |
| 90.00 | 30.00 | 60.00 |
| 97.50 | 32.50 | 65.00 |
| 100.00 | 33.33 | 66.67 |

Buy now and save money—these prices are lower than spring prices can possibly be.
LEAVE YOUR ORDER TODAY.

J. V. BERSCHT
LOCAL AGENT

Tenders Wanted

Tenders are hereby asked for, for the erection of a frame temporary school building in the Bituma S. D. No. 2354, thirty five miles southwest of Carleton Place on the banks of the Little Red Deer River. Plans and specifications may be seen at the residence of Dawson Morgan Esq., Bituma S. D. and P. L. Aylesworth, Oids, respectively.

All tenders must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Feb. 1st, 1921, the building to be completed not later than March 1st, 1921.

P. L. Aylesworth, Oids, Alberta.
Official Trustee.

LOST.—A St. Bernard dog about four years old, weight about 200 lbs. yellow with white stripe over head and under breast; answers to the name of Bruce. Finder will be suitably rewarded. N. A. Cook or phone

Sudden Death of Little Girl

The sudden death of little Alice Kershaw occurred on Monday night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Tolly where she was boarding so that she could attend the Didsbury school. She had a cold but had attended school up until Monday evening, in fact she was playing around with her chums as usual after school on Monday afternoon. However, she seemed to get suddenly worse in the evening and Dr. Chase was called in about midnight but nothing could be done and she suddenly passed away after a hard fit of convulsions. The cause of death was a sudden attack of convulsions.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kershaw, who live about 12 miles west of town, will have the sincere sympathy of the district in their sudden loss.

FOR SALE.—Green feed; 8 good Registered Aberdeen Angus Bulls. Prices right. Apply C. H. Stuart, 1 mile and a half north of Didsbury or phone 1504. 4p2

Council Raises Licenses

A regular meeting of the Town Council was held on Monday evening.

The fire committee reported the progress made on repairs to equipment at the Fire Hall, and were instructed to attend to the appointment of a Fire Chief.

From the Census Returns the population of the Town is 818.

The following were appointed Building Inspectors for the year:—Councillors J. V. Bensch, G. A. Wrigglesworth and S. R. Ardenson. Mr. George Lecomte and Mrs. H. W. Chambers were appointed to the Local Board of Health for the terms of two and three years respectively from January 1st, 1921.

Members of the Didsbury Library Board appointed are as follows: Dr. W. G. Evans, Mr. E. E. Freeman, Rev. D. MacGregor and Mr. W. A. Austin.

Licenses

A new License By-Law was passed. This affects Pool Rooms, Hotels, Theatres or Moving Picture Entertainments, Hawkers and Peddlers, Draymen, Livestock and Food Stables, Garages, Automobile Livery, etc.

Licenses are due on 1st January, and should be paid before 1st Feb. in order to avoid penalties.

Result of High School Examinations

The Christmas examinations in the Didsbury High School, figures give per cent of marks:—

GRADE XII

Annie Finlay 85; Beulah Clements 70; Mae Orle 67 1/3; Henrietta Henderson 61; Harvey Burgess 60.

GRADE XI

Mary Hecker 85; Bertha Ardenson 85; Ethel Elnek 81; Vera Scanlon 79; Dorothy Orle 76; Louise Morrison 76; Margaret Scanlon 75; Clara Brown 71; Ada Heron 70; Leona Walker 68; Ada Johnson 61; Robert Eubank 58; Bruce Patton 51; Francis Laron 49; Louis Larson 33.

GRADE X

Ruth Bralacher 86; Dahlia Smith 85; Clarence Spinks 81; Winnie Arden 80 1/2; Lela Clements 81; Ella Gies 78 1/2; Winnie Moyle 75; Marjorie Bricker 73; Jessie Alexander 71; Ernest Clarke 71; Fern Elliott 71; Arthur Clements 70; Harry Wall 67; Max Brown 61; Norah Campbell 45; Edgar Pearson 47.

GRADE IX

Greta Moir 80; Annie Eubank 78; Granville Patton 77; Fern Cox 77; Laura Brown 73; Marjorie White 72; Olive Hyde 71; Gerald Gieger 69; Elizabeth Kershaw 67; Rose Young 66; Amanda Henderson 62; Alex Robertson 62; Rosalie Singleton 62; Edgar Kibbitt 61; Lily Mack 58; Orlanda Hehn 55; Florence Pratt 52; Marius VanWyke 50; Thomas Reed 49; George Bricker 47.

GRADE VIII

Mertle Brown 75; Allene Schmelke 72; Hazel Bricker 72; Ruby Hunsberger 72; Grace Hunsberger 71; Evelyn Lecomte 70; Edith Thompson 70; Opal Hall 69; Lucille Smith 67; Ada Simon 65; Kathleen Omond 62; Helen Reed 62; Walter Hornum 61; Emma Walker 60; Arthur Gagin 59; Russell Gagin 55; Russell Berscht 53.

FOR SALE.—W. 1 Sec. 33, Tp. 30 R. 2, W. 5 40 acres broken, good never failing spring, well fenced, no building. Price \$25 per acre. Apply W. M. Wilson R. 1 Didsbury. 4p2

Save for A Home



To acquire a home of your own, depends upon your earnestness and determination—to spend less than you earn. Open a Savings Account with this Bank and start at once on the road to becoming your own landlord.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Didsbury Branch: A. E. Ryan, Manager
Carstairs Branch: J. W. Gillman, Manager

WE WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR WITH

FAIRBANKS ELECTRIC LIGHT

throughout your buildings. We would like you to see this plant in operation at our store, whether you buy or not. We want you to know all about it.

G. A. WRIGGLESWORTH, Phone 41
Didsbury

Hockey Team Wins Last Game

The Didsbury hockey team journeyed to Oids on Monday night for another tryout with the Oids organization, winning out by a score of 7-3. The game was a clean, fast one and not a player was penalized. The Oids players are a fine bunch of stick handlers and while they went down to defeat they took it like gentlemen. Clements in goal for the locals, played a pro hockey game stopping a regular bombardment of shots on his net. Dr. Duncan and Veer Wood for the Didsbury boys, and Schenckel, Smith and M. Shannon for Oids were the star players of the game.

This was the first game of the new, and series of the schedule. The locals travel to Carstairs on Friday night for another game with the tourists.

WANTED.—50 to 60 Shoats weighing from 65 to 100 lbs.

Apply A. R. Kendrick Crystal Dairy.

FOR SALE.—A good secondhand Empire typewriter. Apply Mrs. G. R. Sevemuth.

WANTED.—Position on farm for winter or summer. Can start any time. Phone 1105 at 6 p.m. or write J. J. W. c/o E. J. Hallman.

FOR SALE.—Stave wood, rails, and fence posts. Cheap prices. Apply P. O. Box 313 Didsbury. 4p2

FOR RENT.—Small house in east Didsbury. See Mrs. Stevens, 400 doors east of Presbyterian Church.

FOR SALE.—Over 20 head of fresh cows of dairy stock. Apply Hauser Bros. N. half Sec. 23, Tp. 30, R. 4 W. 5. 1p47

FOR SALE.—Pressed lumber, 335 per M. will trade for seed grain or cattle. Mill 3 miles north Bergen. M. Matherson, Sundre P. O. 2p2

FOR SALE.—Registered Short-horn roan bull, weight about 2000 lbs. Apply M. Shantz, Phone R 105. 2p2

J.W. PHILLIPSON Auctioneer

FOR DATES

See W. G. LIESEMER for Myself.

W. G. LIESEMER
Clerk

Phone 111
DIDSBURY - ALBERTA

BUSINESS LOCALS

LOST.—A five stone diamond ring chain setting. Last on Tuesday, Dec. 21st, in one of the local stores. Finder please return to Wm. Norton Didsbury, and receive suitable reward. 2p

FOR SALE.—A limited quantity of good wheat, early Ruby Oats, two weeks earlier than Marquis Oats, test 85 p. c. Apply C. W. Wrightson Didsbury. 4p51

FOR SALE.—Fine 2 roomed house on outskirts of town, stable for 7 cows, 4 horses, hen house, work shop and five acres of good land on easy terms. Apply P. R. Giesche, Didsbury. 4p6

FOR SALE.—Purchased Buff Orpington roosters. Price \$250 apiece. Apply Mrs. Jack Cummins, Phone 2509. 2p3

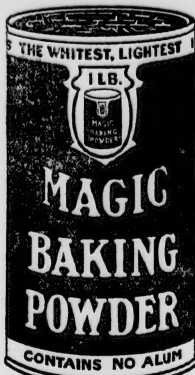
FOR SALE.—A few choice Barred Rock Chickens. Phone R 1003, Jas. Hughes. 4p2

FOR SALE.—Poles of all kinds and good dry firewood in blocks. Phone 1913.

NOTICE.—With the party who took a saddle and bridle from Pock's barn on December 18th please bring it back at once and save trouble. 4p51

FOR SALE.—Extra good clean dry firewood in store blocks. This wood is a good buy. Mr. Noss comes to town with wood once a week and will haul it the year round. Kindly order a week ahead if possible. Leave orders at Pioneer office.

FOR SALE.—White Leghorns, single comb Cockerels for sale. Apply J. H. Hehn Phone 31. 4p3



CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Children of Today Are the Parents and Citizens of Tomorrow. In Years to Come the Destinies of Canada Will Be in Their Hands.

My dear Boys and Girls:

By the time you read this letter you will have started on a New Year. I wonder how many of you have made good resolutions. Resolutions to be obedient, to control your temper, to do kindly actions to others, to remember that you are placed in this world for a purpose not just to please yourselves. If you have done this and have invoked the aid of the Father in Heaven Who loves each one of us, the New Year for you will indeed be a bright and happy one.

At the request of our readers, I am starting a diary. I think it is a splendid thing for boys and girls to write down each day a summary of their doings. In after years you cannot imagine how interesting it will be to look back at the different dates and recall the things which do not seem so very important and which might easily be forgotten if they were not recorded, and which you will smile at as happy memories when you grow up.

As I write this letter to you the snow is on the ground in Regina and the weather is very much colder, but after all we must expect it to be cold in winter time and it is a fact that people enjoy much better health when the weather is seasonable.

I have not received as many stories about your pets as I should have liked, but the competition is still open and I will keep it so indefinitely until enough girls and boys have written to me to make it possible to give a prize.

I am very anxious to hear from you all from time to time and take a real interest in your welfare. If there is anything you would like to know and will write to me about it I shall be glad to reply to your question and to give you the information you need. I will not write any more just now, but shall look for many letters from you soon.

Affectionately,
AUNT BETTY.

MR. SQUIRREL'S NUTS

Near the bottom of the nicest tree in the forest was a large hole where Mr. Squirrel and his family lived. It was a delightfully warm, cozy home and they all loved it. All the fall Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel had worked day after day, gathering nuts for their winter store.

"Well, Mother Squirrel," said Mr. Squirrel one day, "I think we have enough nuts to last us all winter. Now we can rest a little

and have a good time." So they raced about among the tree tops, and played and chattered as happy squirrels always do when their work is done.

These good times lasted until one fine day (when the Squirrel family had gone visiting) a little boy carrying an empty sack came along. He had a sour, disappointed look on his face until he spied that hole in the tree. At once he began to pry into it. Of course he found the nuts and had started to fill his sack when the Squirrel family returned.

How Mr. Squirrel chattered and scolded! "Shucks!" said the boy. "The woods don't belong to you, you silly chattering things," and he went right on filling his sack until he had taken every single nut. "Please leave just a few little boys, or my family will starve this winter," begged Mr. Squirrel in despair. And Mrs. Squirrel and all the little Squirrel children begged too.

But the naughty boy just laughed and ran away with the nuts. Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel felt so badly about the loss of all their winter food that they sat down and cried.

While they were crying, a little boy and girl came along, each carrying a basket. They stopped and watched the squirrels.

"Why, Buddy!" exclaimed the little girl. "I believe somebody has robbed their storeroom, and they'll never be able to gather enough for winter now." Then a sudden thought came and she whispered something to Buddy so the Squirrel family could not hear. The boy nodded his head eagerly and the children hugged each other. They were so happy over the wonderful surprise they had planned for the Squirrel family.

The little girl opened her basket and Mr. Squirrel saw that it was full of nuts. Then she poured them out at the foot of the tree. "Take these Mr. Squirrel," she said, "my mother and father will take care of us."

Her little brother emptied his basket too.

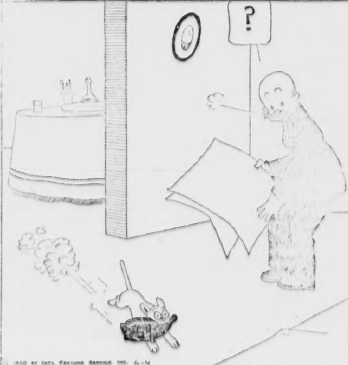
Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel were so glad that they could not say ever they could, but this time they were saying "Thank you." The children went off with their empty baskets as happy as they could be, knowing they had helped a friend.

Meanwhile, the naughty boy was not satisfied with all the nuts he had stolen, and went about hunting for more. His sack was heavy and so he emptied it out on the ground. As he searched for nuts here and there he wandered farther and farther away. At last when he was ready to gather all his nuts together and go home, he could not find them. After awhile he gave it up and went home crying.

Soon after the little girl and her brother passed that way and found the heap of nuts. "We will call," said sister, "and see if these belong to anyone." They called and called and called, but no one answered. So they filled their baskets and went home with plenty of nuts for their Thanks-giving dinner.

A Dominion Express Money Order for five dollars costs three cents.

Then the Fun Began



HINTS FOR BOY SCOUTS

Fuel for Fire

It perhaps may not always be easy to get wood for fuel and it is worth knowing that there are various other things that travelers use for this purpose. Bones of animals, especially if fresh, are very good; but even the bones of cooked meat, if added to a fire will burn well. The dry manure of cattle as found upon the ground is also useful and it is not at all disagreeable as fuel. If nothing better offers, dried seaweed will burn with great heat, although it does not make a cheerful fire. If large logs are being used for fire, two or three of them should be arranged with the dark ends in the fire. As they burn away they are pushed forward and are burned according to a regular system.

Seats for a Meal

If you are going to stay in one place for any length of time and have no furniture it is a good plan to dig a trench. This provides both chairs and table for you can sit on one side of the trench with feet and legs in the hole and the other side of the trench makes a handy table. In this way you have a much more comfortable seat than if you just sat about on the ground or on any old log that happened to be around.

If you are not staying long enough in any place for it to be advisable to dig a trench you can gather up and dry litter that may be lying about and sit on that.

JUNGLE KITTENS

If you were to go to Africa, that strange country where all the circus animals live when they are at home, you might see a place where the grass grows taller than corn does there, and where all kinds of vines and creeping plants twine and twist themselves from the tops of trees different from any we have ever seen, and where thorn bushes and saw-edged leaves are out and about in a bush. This kind of a place is what is called a jungle. And if you tried to enter it you would have to cut out a path with an axe, so tangled and thick is the growth. But if you were to look very closely, you might discover a round, dark opening near the ground, with grass and vines coming together overhead, forming a kind of a green subway, or tunnel.

And if you were to get down on your hands and knees, and follow the tunnel as it wound and twisted, after a while you would come to an open place, where the sun was shining, and at the far side of the opening, you would see a cave under a big slanting rock. And in front of the cave you could not help seeing three beautiful, yellow striped animals, shaped just like overgrown kittens. Well, they are my brother, my sister and myself, and by this time, you have probably guessed that we are tiger cubs or tiger children. We have lived right here ever since we can remember, and think it is the finest place in the world for a home. No one knows we are here except our big, beautiful mother, and when

Mark Well!

Your safeguard is the name "SALADA"

This is the genuine 'tea of all teas'.

If you do not use Salada, send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you now pay and if you use Black Tea, send us a post card. Address Salada, Toronto.

she comes home, she steps very quietly so as not to attract any attention. She generally stays with us during the daytime, and stretches out and goes to sleep back in the cave where it is cool and dark, but when the sun drops out of sight over the tops of the trees, and a beautiful twilight settles down over the jungle, she wakes up and has her bath, which with us, means licking her rump up into shape. And then she smells each one of us to make sure that we are all very clean, and that we are all here safe and sound. And after a little while she disappears in the dark tunnel as silently as one of the shadows, and is gone. We are not afraid to be left alone, as on one evening comes our way at night, and the only sound we ever hear is the distant rumblings of a lion's roar, or the howlings and cries of the night birds. But we have a good time, as we can see much better at night than when the sun is shining, and we romp and play, just like little tame kittens. Sometimes we run round and round in a circle and try to catch our own tails, something, of course, which can't be done, but then, it is great fun just to try. And sometimes we play that we are hunting, and will creep along on our stomachs and spring on a leaf, and pretend it was an antelope or a zebra colt. And sometimes we would play leap frog over each other, and sometimes we would run races to see which one could get in the cave first. And while we would be having all kinds of fun, mother would appear as silently as she went away, but this time she would have a half grown buck slung over her shoulder, and this meant supper was ready. So we would sit about her, and lick our chops, which meant we were ready as well as hungry. With her teeth and claws she would tear the prey into the size of pieces that we could manage, and leave us to our feast. And you know it is considered good manners for tiger children to snarl and growl when they are eating. There is nothing like learning good table manners when one is young, and then one never forgets it.

FOR TINY TOTs

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

Straight is the path of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first and thou shalt see
Ever the second following thee.

There was a little Rabbit sprig
Which, being white, was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.
When from a place he ran away
He never at that place did stay.

And when he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old;
Tho' ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.
One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died;
And, as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been walking since.

\$10 TO \$50 A WEEK AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Increase your income at home in your spare time. You can earn \$10 to \$50 each week writing show cards at home or qualify for a position paying a good salary each week. No canvassing or soliciting. We teach you how and supply you steady work. Write us for full particulars.

NATIONAL SHOW CARD SCHOOL
Limited, Room 44,
44 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada

RIP VAN WINKLE

Rip looked in vain for Nicholas Vedder with his broad face, double chin and long pipe issuing clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Brummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, pale looking fellow, with his pocket full of handbills, was talking vehemently about the rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words which were a perfect puzzle to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty weapon, his uncouth dress and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in stupidity. Another short, but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat.

Rip was equally at a loss when a knowing, self-important old gentleman made his way through the crowd, pushing them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one hand on his side, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes penetrating as it were, into Rip's very soul, demanding in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

(To be continued)

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

The man who wrote the following fairy story was one of the wisest men who ever lived, but like many other wise persons John Ruskin realized the value of children and did not think it too far beneath his wisdom and dignity to write something which would please them, so he wrote the following fairy story for a little girl friend of his, and I am going to repeat it to you in this page, week by week, until it is finished.

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria, there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks which were always covered with snow and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high that when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighbourhood, the Golden River.

It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

(To be continued)

EARN MONEY AT HOME

We will pay \$15 to \$25 weekly for your spare time writing show cards; no canvassing; we instruct you and keep you supplied with steady work. Write or call BRENNAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM, DEPT. A, CURRIE BLDG., 200 College St., Toronto.

Stevens' Service

Stevens' Service is now entering its fourth year as a Garage and Engineering Service to the public.

In spite of the keenest competition during the year just passed Stevens' Service has grown faster than ever before, and is today in the best position it has ever enjoyed.

Stevens' Service has in the past sought to give to each and every customer a full measure of value in return for his money, and the Stevens policy for the future will be to continue to give honest goods and service at fair prices.

Stevens' Service will, during the coming year, play a much larger part in the affairs of Didsbury and Didsbury district, and while naturally self interest will be an impelling motive we believe that anything which benefits our community also benefits us, while on the contrary we intend that every effort shall be exerted to make Stevens' Service essential to the best interests of our community.

We thank all who have supported us with their patronage during the past year, and we assure to everyone our best efforts to serve them during the present year.

Yours for better service,

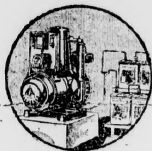
Stevens' Service Shop

"The Reliable Accessory Folks"

Phone 15 DIDSBURY Phone 15

DELCO-LIGHT

Complete Electric Service



Let Delco-Light do your milking. An electric motor pulls the milking units steady, and because of using kerosene for fuel, is more economical than gas engines.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

STEVENS SERVICE SHOP

Phone 15

THERE'S A SATISFIED USER NEAR YOU.

Patronize the men who advertise
in the Pioneer

When You Are Milking The Cow

Remember first she is a thing of charm.
She lifts the mortgage from the farm;

She makes the farmer's life more sweet,
And sets him down on easy street.

Reliable and faithful as she is, she also knows that she must co-operate and have a REAL HOME FRIEND who will manufacture her product in her own home locality, sell the finished product to the far off consumer, and tell them that these famous cows and the rich soil that feeds them are in the Didsbury District.

Now, Mr. Cow Owner, you are the middle man. Will you bring us the

Milk & Cream

that she has so ungrudgingly entrusted you with?

We thank you in advance for same and guarantee to always pay you the HIGHEST MARKET PRICES.

CRYSTAL DAIRY, Limited

A. R. Kendrick, Manager

The Didsbury Pioneer

Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

H. E. Osmond, Editor & Prop.
F. H. Osmond, Asst. Editor

Subscription: \$2.00 per year

U. S. Posts: \$2.50 per year

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1921

It was shocking and entirely unnecessary for the town council to instruct the enumerators for the recent census to enquire the ages of the ladies. Never mind the information is of no use to the Mayor and Councilors as they are all married men with one exception, and he, no doubt is too bashful to take any notice of it. But we wonder why it was done, anyway.

Quite a lot of dissatisfaction is being expressed with the town council for raising the rates on the small user and allowing the large user to escape any additional increase. The feeling is that if the rate had been put on the kilowatt hour, instead of putting the whole burden on the man who uses a small amount for home purposes a more equal distribution of cost would be obtained. As it is instead of building up a larger custom in small business there is likely to be a decrease which will not be made up by the customer who only uses a large amount during the two or three months in theyear.

A HOPEFUL SIGN

There can be no doubt that much of the bad blood between the United States and England in days gone by and perhaps between Americans and Canadians, had been due to the patriotic passion of the makers of text books in history.

Our own textbooks harped far too much on the war of 1812. Boys and girls were compelled to learn the name of every trifling skirmish in that struggle. These details were ground into them until they loathed the whole business. They carried from school the story of the heroism of Buck at Queenstown, and perhaps a vivid memory of the exploit of Laura Secord, but it is to be feared that they also imbibed from their study of that somewhat protracted war a distrust and an unkindly feeling for our neighbors to the south. But if our boys and girls have picked up prejudices from their study of Canadian history, generation after generation of children in the United States have conceived a hatred for England by studying the version of the revolutionary war as written by the authors of American text books.

When we studied our text books of the war between Great Britain and her American colonists, we were taught that Burke, Fox, Pitt and other English statesmen of that day were enthusiastic in their advocacy of the contentions of the colonists.

and showed their goodwill for America in speech after speech in the English house of commons. It was the obstinacy of George III and his ministers that forced the Americans to take up arms. In our schools we were taught to sympathize with the insurgents, but in the American text books nothing was said of the sympathy displayed by Burke and other prominent English public men for America. Great Britain was painted as a tyrant of the worst kind, and in descriptions of the various campaigns the British troops were represented as being cruel and blood thirsty.

The alliance of the United States and England in the Great War has led to the re-writing of these unfair and misleading histories. While we read of "The Friends of Irish Freedom" insulting the Union League society because they did not give a chance they put in New York and other cities, and while we may count on the deadly enemy of German Americans, the real Americans, the intelligent American citizens, have experienced a change of heart towards Great Britain. This is proved by the fact that the revision of those anti-British text books has now become so wide as to be a national movement. Historians, publishers and school authorities are now engaged in the praiseworthy effort of providing good will histories for public schools, high schools and colleges. —Calgary Herald.

A TWO-HEADED MONTH

January, first month of the new year, is at the threshold. A good, keen standard, reliable month it holds fresh opportunities for every one. Several months were named after Roman gods, and January was named for Janus was one of them. He was a god given two faces that looked in opposite directions, and his adoption as a month named led to the idea that the month of January looked ed romantically to the past and hopefully to the future.

According to one writer Janus meant "the spirit of opening," and the double head indicated a god swinging both ways. The Romans thought that this god was interested in all their enterprises, and so they honored him by naming a month for him.

The custom of exchanging presents and calls on New Year Day, January 1, dates back to the time when the month was named for then the Romans "to start the new year right" forgot their personal enmities, exchanged presents, made calls upon the other, and installed their consuls. No wonder January was named for Janus, for, by the wise men of early Roman days, Janus was believed to be the doorkeeper of heaven. —Morning Alberta.



A Thought About LUMBER

Bear in mind that spring time is coming. Perhaps you have plans at work for a new building. If so, have you contracted for all the material you want?

A thought about lumber in the direction of our lumber yard may lead up to the saving of trouble and expense to you.

ATLAS LUMBER CO.

T. THOMPSON, Manager

Phone 125 Didsbury



A SQUARE PEG IN A ROUND HOLE

You may be alright, but if you are in the wrong position you are like a square peg in a round hole. You want a position where you fit. This paper is read by intelligent business men, and a Want Ad. in our classified columns will reach them.

KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

REV. D. McCREGGAN, Minister.
Service: Sunday, 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School, 2 p. m.
Thursday, choir practice, 8 p. m.

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES IN BAPTIST CHURCH BUILDING

Preaching, Sunday, 11:00 a. m.
Zella School House—
Sunday School, 2:00 p. m.
Preaching, 8:00 p. m.
Springfield School House—
Preaching, 8:00 p. m.
A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend all of the above services.

Rev. A. A. PERRY,
Evangelist in Nazareth Church

WESTERDALE METHODIST CHURCH

Pastor—Rev. H. Brooke.
Service every Sunday.
Morning, 11 o'clock. Evening, 8:30.
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
All are welcome.

EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION

Pastor—Rev. Albert Clements.
2 p. m.—Sunday School.
3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m.—Sermons.
8:30 p. m.—Senior Y. P. A.
Thursday
7:30 p. m.—Junior Y. P. A.
8 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.
9 p. m.—Choir Practice.

If you have a little money to spare what about paying your Subscription to the Pioneer? We need money too.

PEOPLE, BOOKS AND THINGS

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE OF MATTERS—TREATED
IN LIGHTER VEIN

A GREEN YULE AND A FAT KIRKYARD—THE DISADVANTAGES OF A MILD WINTER—THE DECADENCE OF BOYS' LITERATURE—SOME STIRRING TALES OF A PAST GENERATION—R. M. BALLENTYNE AND WESTERN CANADA—SOME ABSURD TRASH.

If it is permissible to inject a personal element into the columns of a newspaper, I wish to apologize for the hiatus which has recently occurred in this column and also in respect to the omission of certain weekly features for which I am usually responsible. I do not wish to attach any particular importance to my own scribbles but as they seem to have found some favour with western readers, perhaps an explanation is due.

In spite of this preamble there is really not a great deal to my explanation. It is simply that I have been laid by the heels for some time by a severe attack of sickness which at one time threatened to develop into that dreaded scourge of a changeable western winter, pneumonia. I am penning these lines from my sick-room, but I am able to sit up and take some notice, although my doctor still forbids me to take any liberties with myself. However, it will not happen again if I can help it.

There is an old Scotch saying that "A green yule, makes a fat kirkyard," and this season, with one of the mildest winters on record, there seems to be a good deal of sickness. Colds, which develop into pneumonia, seem to be the penalty of rapid alternations of weather, and scarlet fever whooping cough and measles have been rampant amongst the younger population of the west. There has been an outbreak of typhoid of a particularly virulent nature which has resulted in several deaths at a Regina educational institution and a good many cases of small pox are reported from various points in Saskatchewan. The winters in this western country of ours are usually fresh and cold enough in all conscience, but it would appear that mild winters have their own drawbacks in the way of most unwelcome sickness and epidemics.

The typhoid outbreak referred to was apparently due to an unfortunate and individual condition. It was confined to one place and did not partake of the nature of an epidemic. The cause was soon controlled and there were no new cases. There has been, however, a shocking death rate amongst those attacked, mostly students who had come to the city for the superior educational advantages which it afforded.

There is nothing sadder than to see youth stricken down by the hand of death before life has been tasted, and when all its altars, parents beckon on. Maturity and age can bear to go, but it is pitiful to see eager young life resign the cup before the draft is qualified.

In the early days of the present century, when our western towns were growing far faster than public sanitation, typhoid fever ran through the urban centres like the scourge. The mortality was appalling. I think it was during the winter of 1904, there was not a single house on Assiniboine Avenue in Winnipeg, that escaped the

disease; and the following summer Regina was like an hospital. So numerous were the cases in the Saskatchewan capital that the exhibition buildings were used to house the sick, and the old Roman Catholic church on Twelfth Avenue, had cots installed for those suffering from the disease.

It was noted that most of the sufferers, and almost all those who died, were new arrivals in the country, and old timers were to a great extent immune. I remember discussing this peculiarity of the epidemic with Dr. Coles, a Regina physician of experience and standing. He had a ready explanation, and it was a plausible one. He said that during the early days of the settlement many of the pioneers suffered each fall from a low fever which was then known locally as "Prairie Fever." This was not a new thing, but it was from it, but it left its victims pretty weak for a long time. Dr. Coles said that this sickness which was caused by bad sanitary conditions was really a mild form of typhoid, and those who suffered from it—and almost everyone in the country had it at one time or other—were immune from further attacks. This hypothesis seems to be justified by the results.

The colossal ignorance displayed about Canada and other portions of the Empire, by writers in British popular periodicals, is always a source of wonder to me. This is particularly noticeable in publications for young people. This was not always so. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, the Boys' Own Paper, which for several decades was dearly beloved of British lad and which at one time had the distinction of being edited by W. H. Kingston, contained splendid tales of the Canadian prairies from the pen of R. M. Ballentyne, perhaps the most esteemed of boys' writers.

Ballentyne had spent some years in the Great Lone Land as an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, and in addition to the dramatic instinct which he undoubtedly possessed, his atmosphere was correct, and his characters, if rather too good to be true, were certainly recognizable. To many of us our first real knowledge of the prairie country came from a perusal of the pages of Ballentyne; and with what delight in latter years we met his characters in real life.

Who does not know Mr. Grant, the efficient fur trader; Mr. Kennedy, the peppy factor who had retired to spend a most irascible old age on the banks of the Red River; Jean Baptiste, and Henri, the picturesque Metis voyageurs; and Harry, and Charlie, and the young Scotchman Hamilton, the apprentice officers of the great company. Those of us who have been in the country long enough to know them all. A bare thirty years ago they walked straight out of the pages of the Boys' Own paper, clad in capote, cloth leggings, assumption shushes of scarlet or blue, and welcomed us to the plains.

Ballentyne has passed away and all the real knowledge that British boys can gather of Canadian conditions from the pages of their periodicals is not likely to do them much good. Indeed, judging from the material they contain, most of the stories of Canada which are now served up for the instruction or amusement of young Britain are written by authors who never saw the Dominion and contain some of the most absurd puffery ever penned.

During the eighties the literature purveyed for British boys was of a splendid standard. If I am not mistaken, the immortal Treasure Island of Robert Louis Stevenson was written for publication in "Little Folks"; I remember when a youngster reading an excellent account of the capture of Louis Riel, in 1885, by Tom Hourie and Armstrong in "Young England"; and the serials running through the Boys Own Paper, included such splendid tales as W. H. Kingston's "From Powder Monkey to Admiral," and "Peter Trawl"; R. M. Ballentyne's "Red Man's Revenge"; Rev. T. S. Millington's school epic, "The Fifth Form at St. Dominics"; and Gordon Stables' "Cruise of the Snowbird." Although Mr. Stables did serious damage to his reputation as a geographer by making his boy adventurers hunt buffalo on the shores of Hudson's Bay, or wait it on the coast of Labrador? He ought to have known better too, because he was a Royal Navy officer in the days of his youth. Nevertheless, despite this lapse his tale is a noble one.

What boy of that generation does not remember the stirring story of the wanderings of the Snowbird and her adventurous crew in stormy northern waters; of Highland Alan, and English Ralph, and Irish Rory, and Captain Melvin, and Yankee Seth, and above all the fight with the Danish pirate, in the fading light and a heavy beam sea, off the Shetland coast, when old Magnus Bolt, who long years before had been a guard in the Danish wars. First he hulled the Dane and then with a second shot brought his top hamper about his ears, leaving him as helpless as a wounded duck, while the Snowbird sheathed her main and fore sails and stood on her course.

The reading purveyed for the boys of those days was good strong, wholesome material that appealed to vigorous, wholesome imagination. If the lads of this generation assimilate with any gusto the contents of the modern trash that is now served up to them in place of these stirring tales they must have deteriorated from the days of their fathers. I don't think they have deteriorated; I think the present day editors are to blame.

I have been moved to these remarks by the perusal of an annual, entitled "Young Canada," which came to one of my young sons as a Christmas gift. Its editors and compilers obviously know mighty little about Canada, although it is the imprint of a Canadian publishing house. The object of its title is obscure, as except for a few absurd stories, which are certainly not characteristic of the country, its contents have mighty little to do with Canada at all. One of these stories which tells of a runaway horse, and a lasso, and a race for life, is an utter joke to anyone familiar with ranch conditions. It is supposed to portray a certain feature of modern ranch life and it is as absurd as it is misleading.

The strange feature about this story is that the author of it, whom I knew well in times gone by, spent some years on a horse ranch in the Okla-Peque valley, and should know better than to give publicity to such ridiculous trash. I suppose this stuff passes currency in the old country as experience sold real life on the western plains. The story deals with a horse running away with its rider, and how a daring lad galloped up, and after a hot chase ran it down and lassoed it, just as it was about to plunge over a precipice.

In the first place no experienced rider of the western ranges would allow himself to be so humiliated as to let any horse—let alone a broken one—run away with him, and in the next place ask the first cowboy you meet

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question: Farmer's Wife. How does camphor keep moths away?

Answer: Camphor, like most things which have a smell is what we call volatile, that is, it gives itself off into the air in the form of a gas. Like many other volatile things too, it is an antiseptic which is very bad for the lives of microbes. Now most things that are poisonous to microbes are poisonous to insects. Indeed, as a rule, a poison to any kind of life is a poison to all kinds of life. Camphor in large enough doses would kill a man. The camphor gives itself off into the air around it and as it is very poisonous to moths when they smell it, they fly away. It is a great advantage when antiseptics are volatile and all the most useful antiseptics are volatile. If a thing is not volatile it can only take effect on anything that actually touches it, and maybe not even then, unless the thing actually starts to eat it, which is unlikely.

If an antiseptic, such as camphor is volatile, it flies about in the air everywhere. Of course as it spreads the amount of it in the air gets less and so insects or microbes can get within a certain distance and not suffer; but if they go nearer they would be killed. Everything we put in a drawer, therefore, to preserve clothes is volatile and so can protect the whole drawer.

Question: Farmer. Will the earth ever stop spinning?

Answer: Everyone knows quite well that nothing stops spinning or moving unless something stops it. A top would not stop spinning but for the resistance of the air and the surface it spins on. The question is do we know anything going on now, or anything that is likely to happen in the future which may stop the spinning of the earth. The reply is that the tides have this effect, though many ages may pass before it is shown; that perhaps the mere presence of the ether in space has some effect of resistance; and that in all probability the earth will, therefore, stop spinning some day.

Question: Student. Why does a light go out in water but flare up in kerosene?

Answer: Water is burned or oxidized hydrogen. Being already burned it can be burned no more. When a light is dipped in water it is deprived of the oxygen by which it is burning, just as a drowning man would be. There is a little oxygen dissolved in water enough for fishes to burn or breathe by; but this is not enough to support a light. Perhaps it might be but that water is a very quick and good conductor of heat. So when a burning thing, or a hot glowing thing, like a red hot wire that is not burning is plunged into water, it very rapidly loses a lot of heat to the water, and so it is lowered to a temperature at which it cannot burn or glow as the case may be. But kerosene is a compound of carbon and hydrogen, each of which is very ready to combine with oxygen, that is to burn, when it is made hot enough. A light put into it does this, and so the light flares up, because the kerosene begins to burn.

whether he would take any chances in slinging a rope at a running horse with a stock saddle on it, far less one with a man in the saddle. There is only one way to capture a saddled horse with a rope and that is to catch it by the feet. These British writers who try to tell of our prairie conditions make one tired. Why is it that Canadians who really know their own country and have the gift of expression—and there are many of them—do not tell us something real.

J. M. Macmillan

Question: What does materialism mean?

Answer: The word materialism although it has many slightly different meanings, always means more or less the belief that matter is the all important thing and that mind is of less or no importance. Even people who are anxious to be on their guard about this are liable to be guilty of making this great mistake in one way or another; and the outward difference between wisdom and folly depends not on how much a man knows but whether he knows this. It is materialism to worship the thing rather than what it means or to care very much about forms and ceremonies, and to forget his words when He said: "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" or "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He also said: "The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment."

Question: Does the shape of the brain mean anything?

Answer: The fact that the shape of the head does not correspond with the shape of the brain is one fatal objection to phrenology. Another is ever more serious. It is that the difference in the mere outside shape, and even in the size and weight of brains are probably of little or no importance. The difference between brains are of very great importance, but they are to be found only in the grey matter of which the various parts consist, and in the number and shape and arrangement of the cells that compose the grey matter. These differences can only be seen when carefully examined by the microscope.

MAN OF READY WIT

Sir P. Lloyd-Graeme, the new parliamentary secretary to the British Board of Trade, is a man of ready wit, as the numerous stories about him abundantly prove.

One occasion, for instance, an acquaintance of his who happens to be a staunch vegetarian, stated in his presence that he declined even to eat eggs, giving as his reason that they "would turn into chickens."

"The kind of eggs I eat wouldn't," objected Sir Philip.

"Oh, what sort of eggs are those?"

"Boiled eggs!"

Another time somebody said to him that labor troubles cropped up nowadays with the regularity of clockwork.

"Yes," was his quick reply, "they do seem to have the strike habit."

IS IT YOUR FAULT?

I wonder if it is your fault if your life is too hard. I have spoken before of the proud mother who dresses her little girls in light cotton frocks and has to wash every day. I really do not think this is anything to be proud of. I know a young wife at the present moment who is taking rest for some weeks in a hospital because she had this mania for dressing her children up. Her baby used to wear two or three clean frocks a day because she loved to see him pretty and would not put him into a dark colored overall. Are you doing every task the quickest and easiest way?

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars costs three cents.

Masonic Degree for Harding
President-elect Harding will become a Scottish Rite Master, January 5 when the Columbus Chapter will confer degrees upon him. Senator Harding will be the only candidate. The work will start with the conferring of the first degree at 8 noon and end at 7:30 p.m. when the thirty-second degree will be conferred. President Garfield and McKinley were members of the Columbus Lodge.

Tales of Our Own Country

SOME CHRONICLES OF THE DAYS OF THE WAR PARTY AND THE BUFFALO
STORIES TOLD AROUND THE FIRES OF THE HUNTING CAMPS OF BYGONE DAYS

Chronicles of The Royal North West Mounted Police

HORSE & CATTLE THIEVES
TROUBLE SOME TO N.W.M.P.—WHITE AND RED MEN
GUILTY—STEALING OF UNBRANDED ANIMALS—A CLEVER DETECTION BY A POLICEMAN.

Horse and cattle thieves have always been very troublesome to the North West Mounted Police, from the earliest days. Particularly on the American border their vigilance could never be relaxed. The temptation to "run" a bunch of stolen horses or cattle over the frontier was a very great one, the profits on the venture, if successful, were large and there were plenty willing to take the chance that offered to make their fortunes.

In respect to horse thieving the honors have been pretty well divided between the white and the red men. In the "bad lands" of Montana, there has always existed a class of desperado to whom the game of horse stealing has been very fascinating. On both sides of the border the Indians and half breeds have been even more susceptible to the fascination. It must be admitted that such depredations on their neighbors have all the mighty sanction of tradition behind. In Indian warfare among tribes between whom an hereditary enmity existed, the raiding of each other's horses was a recognized form of reprisal. Blackfeet and Crees from time immemorial have waged such a war among themselves and their young men were trained to horse stealing as an essential part of their education.

The advent of the North West Mounted Police, however, in the Territories, put a damper on this species of raiding, but it took many long and patient years to bring about any real decrease in the evil. The Indian mind was slow to grasp the value of the law, and the more so because the law below the border was lax, and the red men failed to recognize the easy spirit of the one side with the severity of the other.

The policy of the police was to hit hard and quickly. Where retribution followed swiftly upon the execution of the deed, the moral of the lesson was increased tenfold in value. The following instance had a beneficial effect in its own area. Three men came in to the Maple Creek N.W.M.P. Post to announce that a war party of Crees had stolen thirty-four head of horses from a certain ranch in Montana. On discovering the loss they at once followed up the Indians' trail and arrived at Fort Walsh a little in advance of the raiders. The latter, on reaching the Cypress Hills (a favorite hiding place) divided into three parties, each of which took a separate trail to their camp, which was about thirty miles from the fort.

In less than half an hour from the time the information was lodged Sergeant Patterson with ten troopers was on the track of the thieves. When ten miles off he intercepted seven Indians with seventeen head of horses. These were arrested and sent to Fort Walsh. Farther on, other Indians with stolen horses were caught up and dealt with in the same way and at the camp the balance was recovered. Within twelve hours after their bringing in the tidings of the theft the men belonging to the ranch from which the horses had been stolen were on their way back to Montana with their thirty-four horses

and eleven sorrowful Crees were under lock and key in the Police guard room. The Indians were later sentenced to two years' imprisonment each in the Manitoba penitentiary.

Apart from the stealing of horses which have been sent out on the ranges and "lifted" thence by night or that have been actually taken out of the corrals, a profitable form of theft was the seizure of "mavericks" or young unbranded animals. These, having been driven off, were eventually marked with a new brand which indicated in satisfaction very difficult. Many stock owners in Canada, principally in Alberta, suffered heavy losses in this direction. A gang of skilful thieves worked the game quite successfully for a long time and it was only through the cleverness of a N.W.M.P. officer that a stop was put to their practices.

For some time it had been suspected that the thieves were working in conjunction with some unscrupulous rancher. Their raids were timed so that it was clear they received special information as to the various stock owners' round ups, the movements of the Police, and so on. In order to get at the root of the mystery Sergeant Egan, who had done good detective work of a similar kind before, was detailed to make investigations. Dressed in plain clothes he watched the country closely until his suspicions fell on a certain ranchman. The clue was slight, but he thought it might lead to something so he determined to follow it up.

One day he appeared at the ranch looking very much like many other "hobos" who drifted about more or less seeking employment.

"Got a job for me?" he inquired. The rancher looked him over and presumably was impressed in his favor.

"What can you do?" he asked, "broncho busting?" "No, I ain't great shakes on bronchos. Not my line. I can cook a bit and do odd chores." "Well, sling your bunk in that shed," said the other. "As it happens I want a feller for light work just now."

Egan was, therefore, taken on. He stopped at the ranch for four or five months making himself useful through the winter and gaining his employer's confidence.

One morning in the spring, the rancher asked him, "Do you think you can ride a bit now?" Egan replied that he thought that he had had enough practice to be able to stick on pretty well. "Very good," said the rancher, "come along with me; I've got a job for you."

A little later the two men were riding out to the hills and the sergeant felt that something was going to happen. Something was in the corral, nicely sheltered from observation, was a bunch of "mavericks", a very nice lot altogether and certainly the property of some one else, for the sergeant knew the extent of the stock on the ranch. He asked no questions, but proceeded to follow his employer's instructions and assist in branding the animals. One by one they were roped, thrown and stamped with the rancher's brand. After this had been done, the horses were herded together and they started hewards.

At a certain point the trail divided, one fork leading on to the ranch while the other led south to a place near which was a Police Post. When they came to this

fork Egan steered the horses into the southern road. "See here, what are you doing?" cried the rancher, "swing 'em around you fool; that ain't our way."

"I guess it is," was the reply. "Not it! That's the road to Twenty Mile. This other's our trail."

Then the sergeant turned in his saddle. "I know what I'm doing," he said, "we're going to Twenty Mile. I guess it's about time you knew who I am. I'm a Mounted Policeman. You're the fellow we have been looking for."

He drew out his revolver and the rancher saw that the game was over. Egan sent him on ahead and in due course they arrived at

the Post. The gang with which the Policeman's prisoner was operating was broken up; some were caught and exemplary sentences were inflicted.

J. M. Hamilton

Tragic Christmas

On Christmas morning at Prince Rupert, B.C., the dead body of F. Schofield, Canadian National employee, was found in bed, and by his body his wife lay in an unconscious condition. Prominent poisoning is believed to have been the cause of Schofield's death.

Pithy Paragraphs For Busy People

Open Shipyard to Employ One Thousand Men

The shipyard of J. Coughlan & Sons, Limited, closed for several weeks past, will resume operations on January 3, with a largely increased force of men. When the Christmas shut-down occurred the firm had 300 men employed, but when the yards resume one thousand will be put at work on two steel freight steamers of 8,300 tons each. The vessels will cost approximately \$1,400,000 each, and will take four months to build. The steamers will be constructed for the Canadian government. More than \$12,000,000 worth of marine construction is included in plans authorized by the Canadian government for Vancouver and Victoria, including the construction of steamers, piers, Victoria drydock and financial assistance in ship construction.

Alberta House to Open Jan. 26

The fourth session of the legislative assembly of the province of Alberta will be officially opened at 3 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, January 26. This was announced by Premier Stewart this evening, following a meeting of the provincial executive council when the opening date was finally decided upon. The legislature will, therefore, enter on its work fully twenty-two days earlier than last session, which convened February 17 and prorogued April 10. Although no outstanding new legislation is slated to be brought down in the coming session, it is altogether likely that ordinary business before the house will mean a session exceeding in length that of last spring.

Neglect to Give Reports to Government

Ninety-four manufacturers of Montreal are being summoned to appear in court on January 3, charged with having neglected to furnish reports asked for by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Summonses have been issued charging that the manufacturers have neglected or refused without lawful excuse to render the reports asked for under the Statistics Act.

Woman Furrier Makes Fortune

London, England, has only one woman wholesale furrier who in two years has changed \$1,250 into \$150,000. Her name was Miss Cecilia Prager, and she has now married a Mr. Sidney Joyce, another furrier and formed a business as well as a domestic partnership with him. Two years ago Mrs. Joyce, daughter of a city furrier, began business with \$1,250 which she had saved. She relied solely on her expert knowledge of pelts and today her Bond street business has a capital of \$150,000. "It requires expert knowledge to deter some imitation pelts," she says, "but no mock fur, however skillfully dressed, can deceive me. I have travellers in South Africa, Russia, and practically every other fur raising country."

Galli Carci to Wed

Mina Anselmi Galli-Carci, grand opera star of Chicago, announced recently her coming marriage to Homer Samuels, her accompanist and the man whom her husband, Marquis Luigi C. Carci, sought unsuccessfully to involve in her divorce suit a year ago. Madame Galli-Carci, who won fame among the artists of the Chicago Opera Company in 1916, was born in Milan, Italy, in 1869.

Kill Britisher

Frontier raiders who, for the past year have been very active along the line from Peshawar southward to Banna, are reported to have shot dead Colonel Foulkes, A.D.M.S., in his house. Mrs. Foulkes was dragged some distance from the house before being released. Full details are unknown but it is supposed that the outrage is the work of Irak Afridi who recently kidnaped a lady from Peshawar, and have committed a number of other outrages.

Public Health Nurse Necessary

The medical officer of health for the township of Tisdale thinks it is about time that a public health nurse be appointed for the township in view of the fact that out of forty deaths from all causes in the township of Tisdale last year, twenty-four were of children under the age of five years. The medical officer of health states that one baby out of every six in the township dies before the first year is completed. Of those who succumb more than half die the first month. The infant mortality rate is given as 17.4 per cent.

The PERSONAL SIDE

PROMINENT WESTERN CHARACTERS—SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW.

MR. TOM HOURIE

[Continued from last week]

Tom Hourie Carries Another Despatch for the General—Narrow Escape of Capture by Riel's Scouts—A White Settler Hides Him—Chased and Fired At

After delivering the despatch to Colonel Irvine at Prince Albert, Tom came back to Clark's Crossing where General Middleton was, and I was with him. The General gave Tom another despatch and told him to take it to Prince Albert. On the way at McIntosh's farm, McIntosh, who had seen Riel's scouts go by, said to him, "My God, Tom, did you see Riel's scouts pass here a little while ago?" Tom said, "No," McIntosh said, "They will be back in a little." McIntosh put Tom's horse in the stable and locked the door. It was a log house and McIntosh hid Tom upstairs. McIntosh then went out from the house to the fence where he saw Riel's scouts coming riding back. So McIntosh went to the gate and talked to them. They said, "Has anybody been here?" McIntosh said, "No, I did not see anybody as has been here." "Oh," they said, "we saw the track of a horse come in here. It came down here." "Oh," said McIntosh, "I did not see him pass." McIntosh was a white man but the half-breeds were friendly with him, and they went right on to Fish Creek where the main body of Riel's men were.

After the sun had set Tom told McIntosh he must go. McIntosh said, "They are all camped at Fish Creek right on the trail and they will wait for you as sure as anything." Tom says, "That's all right. I'll get there alright," and so he starts out in the dark on his horse, and makes across the prairie to the Red River trail that goes to Carlton. He travelled all night. He crossed the Red River trail, the old original trail from Fort Gary to Carlton, so that he got past the trail of Riel's scouts. But before he got through two of Riel's scouts saw Tom and gave chase. Fortunately Tom had a good fast horse of mine. I had it for a running horse, and it stood Tom in good stead that day. It was soft ground and the horses could not go very quick, but as soon as they got out of the soft ground Tom began to draw them and they began to flit him with rifles, but he got away safe. Tom said the bullets were flying close to him many a time. After he had shaken off the scouts Tom went right through to Prince Albert alright, and delivered his second despatch.

The story of Fish Creek and how Tom captured Riel must be reserved for some future occasion.

JOHN HAWKES.

SIR DONALD MANN AND HIS DEUL

Sir Donald Mann has the reputation of being what is known on the American continent as a "good sport."

On one occasion when he was in the heyday of his railway activities he made a trip to China to look at some railway building possibilities in the celestial country.

He is not averse to a little game of cards when the occasion offers, and during the voyage on one of the Empress boats he got into rather a tall poker game with some attaches of the Peking legations. He noticed that a young Italian, with an olive complexion and waxed moustaches, was consistently winning, and after a time Sir Donald came to the conclusion that the pile of chips which he was amassing by his hand was not coming to him through either lucky cards or good play. He watched him very carefully and detected him in the act of substituting cards.

With the downrightness for which he is famous Sir Donald had at once accused him of cheating. The Italian was greatly offended and so expressed himself.

The day after the arrival of the ship in China when Sir Donald was having breakfast in the hotel, he was waited upon by a most diffident Frenchman, who announced that he came to represent the aggrieved Italian, and demanded satisfaction for the insult which had been offered to his friend. At first Sir Donald did not quite catch the drift of the visitation, then he said in astonishment:

"Do I understand your suggestion to me is that I fight a duel with that whippersnapper?"

The Frenchman indicated that the Canadian's surmise was correct.

"All right," said Sir Donald, "I will fight him a duel, and I suppose, being the challenged party, I have the choice of weapons."

"Yes," said the Frenchman, "that is according to the code. What will you choose, pistols, rapiers or sabres?"

"Well," said Sir Donald, "I think I will choose the Canadian national weapon."

"That will be quite satisfactory," said the other, "and what is the Canadian national weapon?"

"I will use an axe," said Sir Donald, "tell the whippersnapper I will chop him to pieces, top."

It is gratifying to know
a Life Insurance Policy
is paying you interest,
your estate is protected
and at the same time you
have an assured competency
for old age. Get
in line and insure with
**THE MONARCH
LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY**
C. E. REIBER, Agent.

OPEN
TAILOR SHOP
Ready for Business
Ladies' and Gents'
HIGH CLASS TAILORING
Cleaning, Pressing
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Garments Remodelled
A Specialty
GEORGE THOMPSON
Leader Block, 1 door east P.O.

All horses branded
hip are the property
of W. H. DAVIES.
S. E. Qr. Sec. 4-32-4, W. 5, Delabury,
Ile.
LOST—One photo brand mare and
cugley 5 year old colt, two by two
year olds. All branded B on right
high HAENER BROS., Elkton P.O. O.

NOTICE
On the premises of C. A. Foss, on the
S. W. 1-4, S. 32, T. 3, R. 3, W. 5,
One Hereford heifer, rising 3 years old,
branded S left shoulder, come to prom-
ise Nov. 1919. One bay colt rising 2
years old, Percheron breed, branded B
on left shoulder. One brown mare, neck
halter broke, came to range Nov. 1918.
Branded
on L S on R S
One brown bay, rising 1 year, Percher-
on breed, no visible brand, came to range
two years ago. Inspected by H. C. H.
ROSS, Brand Reader.

Revival Meetings

Revival meetings are still being
conducted at the Mennonite church
by Rev. W. H. Smith, evangelist.
Come out and help to sing this song:

MY DEAREST FRIEND

My dearest friend is Jesus,
On HIM I do depend;
He says He will be with me,
Until my journey's end.

CHORUS

Get in touch with God, my brother,
Get in touch with God, I pray;
Keep in touch with God, my brother,
And walk this narrow way.

I know I've many trials,
They come from every hand;
I find God's grace sufficient,
I know he'll make me stand.

I've tested all my powers,
I find I cannot stand;
I ask Thee, Lord, to keep me,
With Thine Almighty hand.

I've found a precious promise,
Which comforts me to-day;
Tis the promise of the Spirit
To guide me all the way.

Lord, give me holy wisdom,
To walk this narrow way,
And lead me by Thy Spirit,

That I go not astray.
I know I love my Saviour,
I know that He loves me;
And now we walk together,
Because we can agree.

Prices Went Up A Step at a Time

They Can't Come Down The
Bannister

Do you realize what's happening? Canadians are on a "buying strike." A "buying strike" to a nation is what a hunger strike is to an individual. Business is languishing to-day; and why? Because demand has fallen off. No stir! Because there is a lack of capital to carry on? Not at all! The demand is there, but you are stifling it. Canada has ample capital, and plenty of labor eager to work.

Canada is like a needy, prosperous individual, hanging around the house with money in his pocket, wanting lots of things, needing lots of things but harboring an obsession that he won't spend his money till prices come down to where they were six years ago. Prices didn't go up in a day. They can't come down in a day. Prices went up gradually from 1914 to 1919. Prices went up a step at a time. They can't come down by the bannister. They must come down the same way they went up.

The reason we were able to finance the war so well was because business was good—people bought and sold. The only way we can pay for the war is by buying and selling—trading. And, moreover, prices are down—for many commodities they are already down to lower level than they should be—things are selling for less than they cost to make. This is an impossible situation. If you won't buy the things the other fellow makes, he can't buy the things you make. That is reasonable, is it not? And if he doesn't buy the thing you make, the butlers will soon be up on your place of business. Those who are insistently determined to wait until things "crash" before they buy are not doing humanity a service. For nobody can sell things long at a loss.

The prices of overcoats, shoes, furniture, tires, and so forth, are based on the cost of raw materials, labor, freight, etc., and profit to those who make, handle and sell them.

Your livelihood and prosperity are bound up in the livelihood and prosperity of other men—you can't deny that point. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with the country—we have bountiful crops, ample money, capable heads and hands. But we can't survive a "buying strike" nevertheless. Business is a gigantic organization, kept alive and active by trade coursing through its veins. When trade stops, circulating—business dies. Your particular trade can't flourish in splendid isolation. The articles you make and the food you grow can't sell to men out of a job.

True thrift is always wise, but stubborn refusal on the part of the Canadian public to buy the things they need now is simply slowing down the wheels of commerce that feed and clothe and house us all.

If you are on a buying strike—for get it. Go out and buy to-day the things you need, for the prices are down. If you are waiting for them to come down further tomorrow or next day or next month, you may not then be in a position to buy.

IMPOUNDMENT NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that one black mare, 6 years old, star in face, branded E on left thigh is impounded in the pound 3 miles east of Didsbury.

B. H. Sherk Poundkeeper.

Didsbury Concert Hall Saturday, January 22nd

Great 7-reel Programme

"The Sins of Rosanne" Admission 35c and 50c

Dance on Friday Evening

ADMISSION \$1.50 PER COUPLE

Good Orchestra

Dancing until 2 p.m.

Come and have a good time

W. FARRINGTON, Manager.

ABOLISH FINANCIAL WORRY PROLONG YOUR LIFE

A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY WILL DO IT

Gives a larger return for life than is obtainable from any other form of investment with absolute security.

Free from Dominion Income Tax.

Any person resident or domiciled in Canada over the age of 5 may purchase, to begin at once, or at any later date desired an Annuity of from \$50 to \$5,000, to be paid in monthly or quarterly instalments.

Any two persons may purchase jointly.

Employers may purchase for their employees.

Apply to your postmaster, or write, postage free, to S. T. Bastard, Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, for new booklet and other information required. Mention age last birthday.

It is a Fact

That you are the loser if you
are not a subscriber to the
DIDSBURY PIONEER.

Its advertising columns alone
will often save you the few
cents it costs you every week.

It costs \$2.00 per year.

We would appreciate your
subscription.

Now is a good time to start

The Didsbury Pioneer

BLAVER BOARD
For Walls and Ceilings

It is superior to lath, plaster and wall-paper, for 41 reasons.

More beautiful, more sanitary, more durable, easier and quicker to put up. Never cracks. Suits any room in any building. See it and you'll be convinced.

We can show you

AT OUR YARD



NORTH END LUMBER YARD, Ltd.

[For Service]
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TELEPHONE 122

DIDSBURY, ALBERTA.

Fresh Whitefish in 5 to 100 lb. lots
12 1-2c to 15c lb.

Fresh Pike in same quantities
12 1-2c to 15c lb.

Lard in bulk
rendered
Per lb. 30c. 10 lbs. \$2.50 20 lbs. \$5.00
50 lbs. 13 1-2c per lb.

Remember, when buying in bulk you do not have to pay for containers which cost money.

N. A. COOK, BUTCHER

\$50 to \$5,000
A YEAR FOR LIFE
A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY PROVIDES IT

- No better life investment available
 - No better security obtainable
 - Cannot be seized or levied upon for any cause
 - Will be replaced if lost, stolen or destroyed
 - Not affected by trade depression
 - Free from Dominion Income Tax
 - No medical examination required
- Anyone over the age of 5 years resident or domiciled in Canada may purchase.
- Any two persons may purchase jointly.
- Employers may purchase for their employees—school boards for their teachers—congregations for their ministers.

Apply to J. C. COOK, 100-101, 102-103, 104-105, 106-107, 108-109, 110-111, 112-113, 114-115, 116-117, 118-119, 120-121, 122-123, 124-125, 126-127, 128-129, 130-131, 132-133, 134-135, 136-137, 138-139, 140-141, 142-143, 144-145, 146-147, 148-149, 150-151, 152-153, 154-155, 156-157, 158-159, 160-161, 162-163, 164-165, 166-167, 168-169, 170-171, 172-173, 174-175, 176-177, 178-179, 180-181, 182-183, 184-185, 186-187, 188-189, 190-191, 192-193, 194-195, 196-197, 198-199, 200-201, 202-203, 204-205, 206-207, 208-209, 210-211, 212-213, 214-215, 216-217, 218-219, 220-221, 222-223, 224-225, 226-227, 228-229, 230-231, 232-233, 234-235, 236-237, 238-239, 240-241, 242-243, 244-245, 246-247, 248-249, 250-251, 252-253, 254-255, 256-257, 258-259, 260-261, 262-263, 264-265, 266-267, 268-269, 270-271, 272-273, 274-275, 276-277, 278-279, 280-281, 282-283, 284-285, 286-287, 288-289, 290-291, 292-293, 294-295, 296-297, 298-299, 300-301, 302-303, 304-305, 306-307, 308-309, 310-311, 312-313, 314-315, 316-317, 318-319, 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